

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

ALBERTA

INDUSTRY ENERGY ENTERPRISE

Conservation of Natural Resources

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No. 5

Note and Comment

The Toronto Globe of January 8th contains a letter from a Western teacher in Utopia, Saskatchewan, over which is a large headline entitled "Who Should Go West?" This letter contains a heap of discouragement. This gentleman, after touring the West and "not being able to find a homestead worth taking up," accepted a position as principal of the schools in a Saskatchewan town of modest proportions.

He then proceeds to fall over himself and point out the many disadvantages of the West, finally declaring that most people "down home" had better stay there.

In this there is some truth that is as those are concerned who are solidly settled well on in years or have no particular reason to pull up. A man who has money to buy an improved farm may find it better than taking up a homestead. But if the latter does not pay, as the Globe's correspondent states, why is it that we find so many old-timers or children of old-timers who have good positions in the towns, and know all about the country, are doing homestead duties at considerable loss of revenue and at considerable inconvenience to themselves, and are anxious to acquire all the good land they can legitimately get their hands on. Why, because they know that this land, that "Western Teacher" quotes in Southern Alberta at \$16 to \$49 an acre, the cheaper variety unimproved, will soon be worth \$75 to \$100 per acre and more, and will in the meantime yield a good revenue. The land down east that "Teacher" speaks of has probably reached its limit. He figures the labor and expense of taking up a homestead against what said homestead is worth now; the Westerner figures against what it is going to be in ten to fifteen years' time. The West is the country for those who have faith and imagination and can look ahead; those without those faculties or who expect it to be always as it is now or cannot see prospects ahead are out of place. That's the difference!

The West is first of all the country for those who have absolutely nothing when they arrive. If any good, they can get something.

"Western Teacher" bemoans the fact that educational facilities are not as far advanced as down east. Some children are a year or two behind the standard of the same age "down home," so instead of getting a certificate at sixteen it may be they are eighteen before they receive it. Look at the other end again, "Teacher." Those children may have lost two years' salary at one end but have more reserve force, more vitality, more get-up and go to them, and the two years lost at the start may be quadrupled in value at the other end. There's the difference; the east looks more to present need, the West to the future.

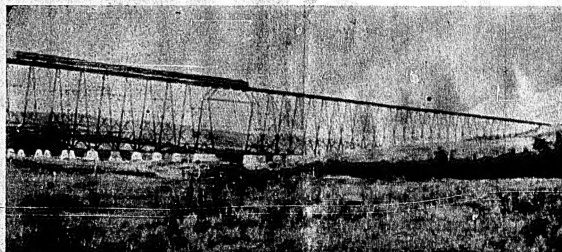
Probably not two people look at the life in the West alike, and we can cite many, many instances of individuals and families who have come to this country, in the last 25 years, with only the clothes they stood up in, who are well off and prosperous with a goodly proportion wealthy. The evidence is here and can be obtained any time from the people themselves, who are well aware that, had they stayed at home, they might be still in a sweater's shop or working day by day at limited wages, possibly dying of consumption or slowly starving.

We can cite one particular case of a not very robust shoemaker from England, who arrived in Alberta landed in a small town in 1908 with a wife and five small children. The passage money was borrowed for the whole family. He paid off the passage money, supported his family, and in 18 months was acquiring valuable real estate in the town. If it was better where he came from why this rapid change? Not only this but the man improved in health, and, from being a thin, rather delicate man, he filled out into a happy, strong-looking chap inside of two years. He is the sort "who should go West."

There are drawbacks to the West, and there will be for some years, looked at in certain ways, but we have yet to hear of good live men and women going hungry or being short of work in recent years, and there are chances of acquiring property at figures within the reach of all that are not obtainable anywhere in the east that we know of.

"Who Should Go West?" The men and wo-

Along the New Transcontinental



A G. T. P. passenger train taking the long Battle River bridge, 120 miles east of Edmonton.

men who can see opportunities, pitch on to them, settle down, say: "This is mine, my home," and then dig in and attach themselves to the country and the soil, for they will not come out hind-end-to, especially if prepared to adopt the country and stay here. Those looking for soft snaps and in a hurry to get out again quickly, with little trouble, often do get left.

A good many people who come West, we admit, should never have come, but then they would not succeed anywhere. We cannot make successes here out of born failures, any more than any other country can, but we can offer more and better opportunities to those who can get up and grasp them than any other land. These opportunities do not occur at their old homes, in any form. Those who have and are well fixed down east, if they have not the pioneering fever and the spirit, are foolish to sell out and start anew, but those who have the wish and the ambition or can tear themselves loose from old ruts can soon double and treble what they possess and will never repent their move to a country where the cost of living will fall year by year and the benefits, conveniences and civilization get stronger and more apparent every day.

Letters such as "Western Teacher" writes will not hurt the West very much, though they may make a good many faint-hearted ones stay at home, which is probably the best place for them.

Who should go West? Any man who has nothing and has pluck enough to come here to get something. Who should go West? Any man or woman who knows enough to recognize a good thing when he or she sees it. Who should go West? Real, live people who will meet other real, live people so they can be all happy together. Who should go West? Those who have been stationary for years without a chance to climb a rung of the ladder if they had the will. Who should go West? All sorts and sizes of people, either with money or without money, who can open their eyes and see, make opportunities if they don't run across them, open mines, break up land, get out timber, quarry stone, build, manufacture, look ahead and keep moving or do anything that presents itself; do it quickly without growling, smile and look pleasant; keep on moving and when they fall get up again and keep on going. Those who keep moving and do not know the meaning of "can't" will "arrive."

Our duty in life is not simply to come West and accumulate or grab, but also to prepare and make ready places for others, to open up the country and do our share as units as "Soldiers of the Common Good."



The bridge over the Pembina. The steel has now crossed this structure and is pushing away westward. A tri-weekly passenger service has recently been established as far as this point, sixty-five miles west of Edmonton.

garding the possibility of annexation, a problem which the Dominion would have to face at some future date, in his inaugural address as president of the Canadian Club. These remarks had been published at the time, and had not caused any noticeable sensation.

The Calgary press has taken the trouble to look up the report of the Canadian Club address. Some extracts from it are certainly of interest, in view of the discussion which the recent despatch from the east aroused.

"We have drifted down the stream of colonial dependency," he pointed out, "towards the great sea where that status must be merged and lost, and when the ship of strife finds itself upon the open sea and in my judgment we are now nearing that sea, shall the rod be pointed toward independence, annexation or imperialism? Verily, I think it may well be said that in that instance at least the choice will have gone forever twixt that darkness and the light. British statesmen have made it abundantly clear that when we desire to depart from our present colonial status no act or word of the motherland will delay that action. With kindest words and deepest interests and fervent prayers she will bid her daughter God-speed and watch her as she steers her bark into the dark and unknown sea."

The solution, he believed, lay with the West. In the east tradition would stand in the way of any annexation movement, but in this part of the world, unconscious influences were making for that consummation.

"In my judgment," he went on to say, "the United States will be importing our wheat at an early date, our beef, our coal, our lumber as they now import the products of our sea and lake. She has been our best market. Our money has been drawn from sales made to her people, and those

people are here in large numbers. Her struggles are our struggles; her oriental problems are our problems. Her physical attitude vitally affects our markets, and will not the demand of the men of the West, who will ever be an increasing rural population tilling the lands, be for freer markets here for the manufactured goods of the people who purchase their products? I think so. Mark you, these unconscious influences will not and cannot make themselves felt within so short a time perhaps as 25 years, but the solution of the trade question involves, in my judgment, to a very large degree the solution of the national question.

"We should fairly and honestly realize that there is little or no community of sentiment or interest between the great agricultural population of western Canada and the citizens of the east. Watch the Christmas excursions and see the great numbers that are poured into the Western States of America as compared with the lesser number that go to Eastern Canada and the balance of power shifting as indeed it now almost has, to the west, would result in the creation of such an agitation as would bring about a lessening of our tariffs and American manufactured goods would supply the demands of Canada's greatest market; eastern industries would be practically destroyed and the inevitable struggle would result in the peaceful annexation of a part at least of Canada to the United States. I, of course, think that the result would be very injurious. I believe our institutions are more democratic, freer, better calculated to preserve liberty than those of the Republic."

In addition to the influences of trade there were those of the press and language, the sports and games, the habits and thoughts, common problems and common interests that are making towards a closer feeling which if intensified by the creation of closer commercial relations will bring about that result which ever follows a free interchange of money and products between free peoples.

It is strange that such an address, delivered by a man who has been so outstanding a figure in the life of this part of the Dominion as Mr. Bennett, should have received practically no notice at the time, while a casual remark, simply because it was made away from home and then telegraphed back, should have created such a stir. It looks as if the proper way to get the public ear is to take a trip east and get into touch with the news agencies there.

Mr. Bennett is to be warmly commended for his frankness. No matter whether we agree with him or not, we must recognize that the problem to which he has called attention is one of very vital importance that we should face squarely.

To The Saturday News it appears that one of the most effective agencies in creating an annexation sentiment would be the imposition of further trade restrictions. To place new tariff burdens upon those who are doing the real work of Canadian nation-building on the plains of the West, for the sake of building up the manufacturing centres of the east cannot help the cause of national unity. Those who have come to us from across the border are impressed by more than the fruitfulness of our soil. They are not slow to recognize the advantage of residence in a country where law and order are so well preserved, and the institutions of which are so well calculated, when administered in the spirit of the best British traditions, to make life well worth living to the individual citizen. What we want to be careful about is to secure honest and efficient government and the adoption of a public policy which ensures to the man who is really developing the country a proper recompense for his expenditure of mental and muscular effort. Mr. Bennett's ideas as to the proper way of keeping the west loyal appear to the Saturday News altogether wrong. What are mere phrases will not inspire devotion on the part of the newcomer. But actual experience with conditions, which accord with his notions of what is fair and just and reasonable, will have the desired effect.

One of the weaknesses of Canadian municipal life is that so many who enter upon it, grow tired of the work after a short term. The glamor of office soon wears off and they retire just as they are beginning to be useful. In Carleton County, Ontario, an exception has been found. Mr. Charles Mohr was on January 3rd elected reeve of Pitzroy for the forty-first time. He is eighty years of age. In addition to his long term as reeve he has 17 years to his credit as an ordinary councillor.

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We ever shook hands with a will,
At the end of the fight.

If a Better World there be—
Let be! I can only say,
Here I have found delight
That stands me upon my way.
Going out with day,
I have been good friends with you,
World—
Good night, good night!
—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's Weekly.

Not the least of the pleasures that come to me in the capacity of Polisher Extraordinary to The Saturday News "Mirror," are the letters received and other overtures of friendship made by the people who sit past the looking-glass, and who pause a moment for a word of greeting. From all over the world they come: a postcard here with "I appreciate your article on the abuse of charity very thoroughly," or a letter from a lonely young girl at boarding-school thanking me for "the news" of her people. And though I have deluged it many a time in tears, though I have sometimes wanted to smash to smithereens this tiresome looking-glass and never to hear of it again, I always come back to it contrite, eager, even, to brighten it up once more—because you, you kindly, encouraging people who peep into it, are good enough to say that you like what you see.

Among other interesting communications of late, have been several letters from Miss Mary Campbell, an own well-known artist, telling of her experiences in the art studios of London and Paris. I have enjoyed them so thoroughly myself I thought I simply must share them with you.

They are both from Paris, though the first deals with London and reads: "Oh, the joy of it all! I see now the magic of a few certain letters strung in a certain way—P-A-R-I-S—no other combination can ever express the same sensation! I am right in among the workers, and what fun I have with no French at my command. The y are supposed to speak 'Englis' at this pension, but their English is about as advanced as my French, and oh! it's funny. Of course, I am working always, but it would seem that one 'learns' no 'does' in the Paris studios. At any rate, there is always so much to see. When I came to London last July Mr. Knowles wrote and advised me not to attend any school, but to sketch with a good master, and see and absorb (as it were) all the art I could. The mere going about to the galleries, gently and reverently, meant great education in itself. But I am getting in some work besides—and I sketched for two months in London and the south coast of England. London! I could hardly make myself leave there, even for Paris. I do hope I may stay here—oh, ages!

How I wish I had come here just ten years ago! It's all ignorance on our part this spending years in following up a certain study at one's own home, when there is the one great centre for that art. A good beginning and a fair knowledge or rather experience in the study is all well and good, but to spend three years more at it, when a year abroad would probably accomplish more—that's where the mistake comes in, and we don't know it till too late often. Well, what a letter I'm writing—I do go off in these lines so often. But every day is an intense day to me since I first came.

I was at an exhibition of Arthur Rackham's water-color drawings (the originals of "Peter Pan" and "Undine") in London. They were simply exquisite, but such prices. Ever so many, though, were marked "Sold" the second days of the exhibition.

Here is a second letter, written considerably later, and at 1.30 a.m. one Thursday morning:

"Dear Peggy: 'I see the hour, but it's the hour of the 'Saturday News' and 'The Mirror'; I have read every word—news and advertisements—and here I am and having to be up and over at the studio by eight o'clock in the morning. The life here is ideal—glorious. We paint from 8.12 (Academic Collapsion), then rest until four, and attend some lecture or

perhaps "do" some gallery. There is a splendid International Students' Club here, where we can have tea and regular meals, and enjoy such privileges as are generally relegated to men's clubs. The odd thing, though, is, everyone wants to learn some other language. The girls from Russia (who speak French as a rule), want to learn English and we English want to speak French. To speak it in a way to be understood by a Parisian—which I find is quite a different language from our school-taught French. Perhaps it is the terrific speed at which a French girl talks that renders it almost unintelligible.

"I thought I'd never want to leave London and kept skimming on the and it was delightful sketching around the parks and streets. Not one day did I take to visit in England, and only a week's visiting in Scotland, but I found it wearisome after the freedom of a sketching life. In Paris I also confine myself very strictly to work, though there is a charming girl here who has quite captivated me.

"She is a friend of the Belgian with whom I studied in England. Born in Paris, and wealthy, she seems the true type of the gay and clever Parisienne. So we exchange English and French twice a week and manage to get in an afternoon's shopping as well, which same shopping methods are a revelation to me. I simply cannot write about Paris. I used to send home letters after letter about London. London was describable (to a certain extent) but Paris—It is so wonderful in every way. Here is the Latin Quarter. Everybody works or studies or practices. It is quite invigorating! Though to hear bits of grand opera over and over and over, even by a most promising tenor, does grow a bit monotonous at times. I've met six or seven Canadian girls, who are friends of friends, but one has to go round alone to accomplish anything. Mademoiselle across the river is all the outside entertaining I need. The students are some of them so odd, especially the men. Most queer and unromantic of all, though, are the medical men. The "cute" art students have long, silky beads and nice long hair. But of course the whole studio life is leavened by the American element, who very quickly become 'Latinized'.

"These few months in the Paris studios seem just the one thing I've been working to, and, unknowingly, wanting. As a student, one might, I suppose, enter at an earlier age. But there are five or six grey-haired men in the studio, and three old ladies, a few younger girls of twenty and thereabouts, and the rest from twenty-six up. I am going to a lecture in the Louvre tomorrow, and on Friday to one at the Sorbonne (Paris University).

"Noon of the next day—I may state here that I was an hour late this morning, but nobody cares. Here everyone seems to have enough to do to look after their own affairs. We have such a fine model, a gypsy girl, but the most difficult yet. Everyone is worried over the result. It is so hard to paint just what one sees, when the great temptation is to paint in what you know to be there, though you really cannot see it. And then you wonder at the whole roomful being worried when there is such an air of romance about the place—in fact, the very air should be inspiring, for was it not in these very rooms that Titian posed; and remember the associations clinging around George Du Maurier and his fellow-artists.

"This studio is one of the (if not the) oldest in Paris, and you would not doubt it, could you see how thick the paint daubs are on the walls—from the floor up to just above the head. Even now we all add our quota daily. There are four large glass studios around a queer little courtyard, and in each studio there are held three classes daily—8-12, 1-5, 7-9-30. So you may imagine the number attending. Then in the afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30, we have the 'Couture Croquis' or quick sketch class. Here about fifty attend, and we have here a new model every day, who poses in four different positions, half an hour each. It's splendid practice.

"I am so glad I did not enter a studio in London—they are either so proper there, or affect the Bohemian style, and fall far short of the real thing. As a matter of fact, these Bohemians are all very right in their place, but that place is undoubtedly the Quartier Latin. . . . I shall be home in February." PEGGY.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1910.

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There is nothing like having an automatic phone to show you what a lot of rude bores there are in the world. The phone rings wildly. You come down from the attic or up from the cellar on the run thinking that it can mean nothing less than that your place of business is one fire.

"Is Mr. Smith there?" comes the query.
 "No, there is no Mr. Smith lives here."
 "Isn't that 1423?"
 "No, this is 2423."
 Slam goes down the receiver without a word of apology for having put you to so much inconvenience for nothing. This happens in four out of five cases. Fortunately the connection is severed instantaneously or you might get into trouble for using bad language over the wire.

After having had many such experiences as this, is it any wonder that when a friend called up a mild-mannered individual on New Year's Day and said, "Is this 1910?" the M.M.I. retorted with a savage "No," and got off the line before he could hear the laugh at the other end.

The Red Deer Advocate says: "The Advocate had in type two columns of a reply from McDonald and Forrester to the letters of Mr. Bower and Mr. Julian-Sharman. The Advocate cut out implications as to Mr. Bower's physical appearance and as to where Mr. Sharman got his money. Mr. Forrester took exception to this and insisted on the whole letter going in to the letters of Mr. Bower and Mr. Julian-Sharman. The Advocate is sick and the Advocate cannot throw it out with him, the letter will not appear—this week at any rate, and not at all unless these references are left out."

The Advocate editor is cruel. All his readers will now be worrying as to just what Mr. Forrester did write, and the chances are that within a month more of them will have found out than would have if the letter had been published in the ordinary course of business.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.
 Catherine Weltmer assisted her sister-in-law in basking last week—Great Bend (Kas.) Tribune.

"See here, you swindler!" exclaimed the suburban property-owner, "when you sold me this house you said that in three months I wouldn't part with it for \$10,000."

"Well, you haven't, have you?" demanded the real estate man.

"Stonewall Jackson," said an old army veteran, "used to tell a story about a bridge builder.
 "This bridge builder was called Old Miles. He was very not keen to Jackson because the flimsy bridges on the line of march were continually being swept away by the floods or destroyed by the enemy; and in these contingencies Miles was a regular jewel. He could run you up a bridge in the time it would take another man to make the measurements."

"One day the Union troops burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Stonewall Jackson called Old Miles to him and said:

"You must put all your men to work, Miles, and you must keep them at it all night, for I've got to have a bridge across this stream by morning. My engineer will draw up the plans for you."

"Well, early the next morning Jackson, very much worried, met Old Miles.

"See here," he said dubiously, "how about that bridge? Did the engineer give you the plan?"

"Old Miles took the cigar from his mouth and flicked the ash off with a sneer.

"General," he said, "the bridge is done. I dunno whether the picture is or not."

"Dear me," gasped Mrs. Hollonut, "here's a terrible item in the paper. My word, how the poor man must have suffered!"

"Well, what is it?" gasped the husband.
 "Why, one of those unfortunate Marathon runners in New York swallowed a sponge."
 "What? Let me see." After carefully reading the paragraph, Mr. Hollonut flung the paper down. "There never was a woman yet who could grasp a simple fact in print. This doesn't say the fellow swallowed a sponge."
 "I know it doesn't in those exact words," assented his wife; "but then, how on earth could the poor man throw up the sponge if he hadn't swallowed it?"—Trib-Bits.

The house committee of a New York Club recently received this unique complaint: "I have the honor to inform you that I dined at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known guests. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this embarrassing, as in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide, a fly—a nice bit of carving as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served for four persons, it should be either with (a) four flies, or (b) no flies at all."

He had courted her for years, never missing his evening call, and finally was landed. On the day of the marriage a friend observed the bridegroom wandering about his new front yard in a restless manner and with a very dejected expression. "Why, what's the matter, old man?" he asked. "You should be the happiest man alive, for today at least, and you look like a mute at a funeral." The bridegroom started. "Er—of course I am very happy!" he asserted. "Then, why these glooms?" "Well, to tell you the truth, Bill," the bridegroom said in a burst of confidence, "I was just wondering where I am to spend my evenings hereafter!"

Teacher—"If you wear one pair of shoes twelve months, how long will they last?" Jimmie—"A year." Teacher—"Oh, no; how do you get that?" Jimmie—"I don't wear any in the summer."—Judge.

Two "jags" were ambuling homeward at an early hour, after being out nearly all night. "Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one. "Not often," replied the other; "she throws pretty straight."

Turning the Tables.
 Ah, husband, do not build your wife as to just what Mr. Forrester did write, and the chances are that within a month more of them will have found out than would have if the letter had been published in the ordinary course of business.

That is unless you're quite prepared To see the whole thing through, And buy her seal-skin sacque just as Her father used to do.
 —Merchant Traveler.

PAST AND PRESENT
 (From "Alberta's Corner Stone," by Kathleen K. Bowker in Canada Monthly (formerly Canada-West) for December.)

What of the men who broke the trail, Men from the South and East? Eager they fought for the hungry land.

As men who fare to a feast, Pelts brought the trapper—batter and sale— Comforts wrung from the cold— Many a miner—led by the lure Of pale Saskatchewan gold—

What of the women, strong and brave Who came with their chosen men? Out of the strength of their hearts, they gave.

Over and over again— Ah!—but it isn't long ago, But some of that lusty race, To counsel, applaud or smile, "We know,"

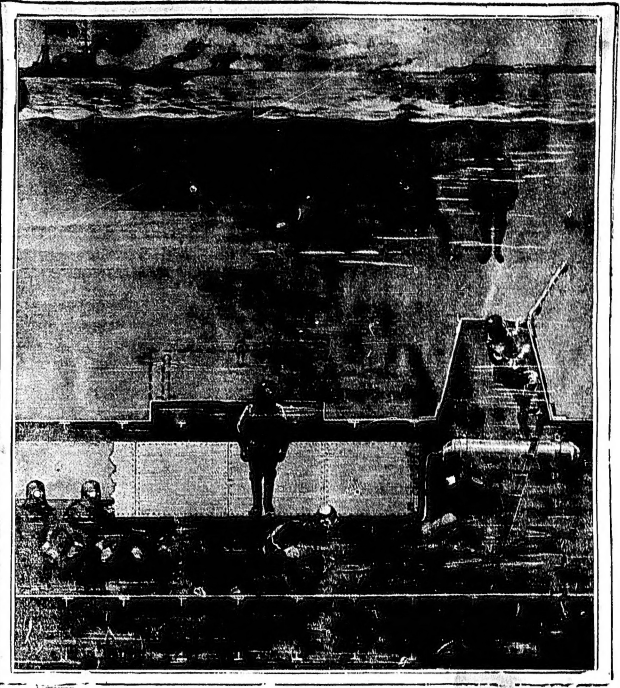
Are still in this very place— Now there are cattle, coal and wheat, Lumber and salt and fur, Value untold to have and to hold—

For the sturdy Conqueror— Gold lies in the river bed— And oh! the poplar trees! Golden—golden overhead—

In the warm autumnal breeze— The same grand sweep of the big Northwest, River and tree and hill!

Past and Present, today we stand, Watching the canvas fill, With dreams of the future, fine and true,

Which Canada's chosen ones Shall find the Wit and the Will to do, Under Alberta's suns—

TO SAVE THOSE SUNK IN SUBMARINES

Recent naval accidents, involving loss of life to the crews of sunken submarine craft, have caused the British admiralty to lend careful attention to the possibility of a device which might afford possibility of escape from such a vessel when disaster is encountered. It is now contended that the problem has been solved, though the precise details of the means to the end, naturally and wisely, are closely guarded.

The various factors of this particular problem involved the rendering of the crew independent of poisonous gases caused by salt water coming into contact with the stored electrical energy or open terminals, the preservation of the crew from drowning in the sunken craft, and to provide means of escape which would allow quick ascent to the surface of the water.

The devices heretofore known have included air locked for escape, detachable chambers or lifeboats, and self-contained dresses. Airlocks alone are of little use, it has been demonstrated, except in shallow water, but, combined with detachable chambers or self-contained dresses, they are essential in all methods of escape.

When a submarine is holed by accident, if the hole is at the top of the vessel, the pouring of the water will gradually replace the whole of the air in the craft; but if the hole is below the highest point presented by the submarine, then the water will compress the air until the pressure of the latter is equal to the water without.

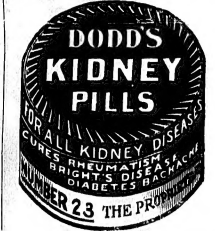
On this hypothesis, therefore, it was obviously necessary to provide some device which would catch and contain the air of the vessel which might be rammed at a high point. So the precaution of the construction of so-called "air traps" was evolved. After a wrecked vessel had sunk to the bottom, the air will be compressed, either in these "traps" or under the deck itself, provided the latter is intact. The new special helmets and self-contained dresses can be donned by the crew, with their heads in the space which is kept open by compression of the air, and there they may wait while time is taken to escape, either through the conning tower or even through the torpedo hatches. The man so clad in this device will rise quickly to the surface.

There is attached to the waterproof jacket a diving helmet, and in front of each jacket is a pocket containing a combined purifier and oxygen generator, which enables the same air, regenerated and purified, to be breathed again and again. This self-contained dress can be donned, it is stated, in thirty seconds and acts as a lifebooy, while at the same time preventing suffocation to the wear-

er. As a further precaution, supply pipes from the submarine's compressed air cylinders are connected with the "air traps" so that an extra pressure of air can be turned into the chambers should occasion require.

The size of British submarines gradually has been increased, until now the "underwater" Dreadnaught is pronounced an accomplished fact. Increased speed, too, has been obtained, and when on the surface the craft appear not unlike the "whalebacks" which have attained such popularity as grain carriers on the great lakes in the United States. Further attention to the development of this arm of the naval service has been occasioned by the recent fact of a flotilla of ten submarines going from the Portsmouth to the Dundas base, a distance of approximately five hun-

drod and twelve miles, in a rough sea in fifty-six hours. The voyage was practically a continuous run, though small delays aggregated ninety minutes.

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THE COST OF LIVING

As exemplified in Chicago and Alberta

The Chicago Tribune, in calling attention to the cost of living, has the following to say:

"Anything which throws light on the causes of the enhanced cost of living or gives the consumer an accurate idea of the distribution between producers and middlemen of the money he pays for food-stuffs, is read with interest. The information may not enable the consumer to better himself, but it will at least teach him who, if anybody, is to be blamed for a state of affairs which is a daily distress. At present he makes wild guesses, which may be quite out of the way.

The other day the secretary of agriculture gave out a scrap of information to the effect that on the average the city retailer of meats made a gross profit of 38 per cent. on each pound of meat he sold. The secretary proposes now to enlarge the field of enquiry and discover who is responsible for the high prices consumers have to pay for eggs, potatoes, flour, vegetables, butter, and other dairy products.

As might be expected of the champion of the agricultural interests of the country, the secretary feels certain that the farmer is not getting his full share of the advance in prices. And yet he seems to be getting a pretty good share. The increase in the valuation of farm lands indicates as much. They sell for more because the crops raised on them bring more. To settle the question one should know how much of the money which a city consumer pays for a bushel of potatoes, for instance, goes to the grower, the railroad, the commission merchant and the city retailer.

Then it would be possible to know whether any of the middlemen were charging too much for their indispensable services. If it were to appear that the railroad charges were excessive they could be regulated by law, but no legislature can dictate to wholesaler or retailer the price he should ask, though the latter can be forced to give the honest measure he does not always give now.

It will take some time to collect the information the secretary of agriculture wants, but it would be so interesting and probably useful that he should not delay sending out his agents to gather it in.

This matter has been creating a great deal of interest in Calgary of late, where the Albertan stirred up a war in regard to the price of flour. It is a matter that affects us all, hence we see the farmer insisting upon public owned elevators.

The Claresholm Review takes up the subject, thus:

"It is with pleasure therefore we note that fair criticism is permissible and a man who suggests that certain conditions are not wholesome is comparatively safe from being tabooed as a 'knocker'."

"It is a constant source of wonder to many why they have to pay higher prices for Alberta products than do people who consume them hundreds of miles distant and so far, no satisfactory answer has been given. Take Alberta beef. The people in this province have to fend on the 'scrubs' and pay quite as much for their steak as the man in Ottawa, Montreal or Toronto, who buys a nice juicy Western steak after it has had freight and other charges added on. Why? There's the rub.

"Flour is a staple article. Very much so. Yet flour manufactured in Fort William or Winnipeg sells as cheap in Alberta as the home ground product. Why? There's another rub.

"The West gets the worst of it on almost every article consumed. If the farmer sells more for his wheat or cattle there would be some compensating feature, but the farmer doesn't. He is paid the least possible amount. He is almost coerced to part with his stuff. Who is the beneficiary? Some where, some place there is a big profit being made and the farmer is selling and the consumer in buying puts up the price. The articles in the Albertan have been followed by many with interest but so far there has been no illumination. It used to be fashionable to blame everything on the C.P.R., but freight rates are not responsible. Goods that have paid long distance charges sell as cheaply as the home-made stuff. There is a subtle, maybe unwritten, understanding between the big men in the various businesses. There is no competition in rates. The only competition that exists is in the hustle for business. If those 'understandings' are illegal when baseball is a game, they are provided to 'squell' them."

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and we are all in the same boat. To put the whole matter in a small

nutshell and chew the kernel rapidly, we may ask the question: "Has it come to this that too many are acting as distributors and not enough as producers?" As soon as this is decided upon as an economic fact, and it is almost, some of us had better be moving out of town to the farm before we are run out.

However, Secretary Wilson's investigation into conditions in regard to this matter in the United States should be very interesting to all of us. "Why the prices continually drop to the producer and rise to the consumer."

As our friend on the Claresholm Review says: "It used to be fashionable to blame everything on the C.P.R." But it is evident we have arrived beyond the days when it was the C.P.R. and the C.P.R. that, so that when a Manitoba farmer had his crop halted out, he looked at it and said: "Well, — the C.P.R. anyway."

ATHLETICS

Baseball circles were greatly agitated not long ago over the election of a president for the National League.

When Harry Pulliam fell a victim to his own hand, John Heydler was appointed for the remainder of the season and was looked upon as the logical leader for 1910. But John T. Brush of New York and Murphy of Chicago, had different ideas on the subject. John M. Ward, a well-known New Yorker, was the choice, and they enlisted Ebberts of Brooklyn, and Fogel the new owner of the Philadelphia team. The result was that a deadlock resulted at the meeting, four in favor of Ward and the same number for Brown. Heydler, seeing no chance for victory, wisely refused to allow his name to go before the meeting. After three or four days of bickering a compromise candidate, T. J. Lynch, was brought forward and elected.

The president-elect is a man to whom baseball is an open book. He has participated in the game as player and umpire with marked success. He was a successful pitcher twenty years ago, and has a no-hit game to his credit. As an umpire he was fair and absolutely fearless, and always held the respect of players, press and spectators.

It seems as if the National League has made an extremely wise selection. John Heydler was elected secretary-treasurer, and with these two men at the helm, baseball lovers throughout the country may be assured that the League will be well run. If anyone can cope with Murphy of the Cubs, the present officials can.



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ROUGH ON RALPH CONNOR

Winnipeg Town Topics contains the following:

Ralph Connor's latest book is concisely and not unjustly characterized in the pithy phrase of the Scotch old lady quoted by the writer of the following letter:

To the Editor of Town Topics:

Sir—A vote of thanks is due to you from all judicious friends of good literature for your sharp comment upon "The Foreigner," the latest production of the prolific Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon, who certainly wields the pen of a ready writer. For myself, I think you speak altogether too highly of his powers; however that may be, you are unquestionably in the right in deploring his everlasting working over of the same material under a transparent disguise. His Kalman Kalmar in this latest book is, as you say, a Russian in name only; scratch him and you find him the same inevitable young Scotchman of the unmistakably honny brair breed, a being that never lived on kea or land. When will Ralph Connor give us a book with real, living actuality in it, a book in which the hero is a breathing human being, not a Sunday school abstraction?

"There is a certain old lady, a charming and witty person, who proudly claims Edinburgh as her birthplace, and who recently summed up Ralph Connor's books rather neatly, as I think you will agree. Her nephew sent her "The Foreigner" at

Christmas; and in her accustomed outspoken manner she announced that she did not care to read it, unless he could assure her that it was not just the same old thing—a series of bar-room fights, with the same splendid young member of his other books as the hero of them all."

"But, speaking more seriously, 'The Foreigner' does Winnipeg an injury by picturing the foreign quarter of our city as so atrociously worse than it really is. It is bad enough, the Lord knows, but not quite as sanguinarily anarchistic as Rev. Dr. Gordon depicts it, evidently in an endeavor to out-jungle the Jungle book about Chicago. The Board of Trade, or the City Council, or the Industrial Development Bureau, or some other such body should take action with a view to inducing Rev. Dr. Gordon to restrain himself in the exercise of his trade as a fictionist, when next he essays to portray conditions in our city."

"I understand from what my friends in England tell me, and from notices in the English papers, that the books of Ralph Connor are widely read in the old land; I myself left the old land before the vogue of Ralph Connor had begun. Now you can easily imagine the impression created upon the minds of English readers of 'The Foreigner,' in regard to Winnipeg. They must think it is a sort of Odessa or Moscow, where bomb-brothing and all sorts of violence and sudden death are liable to break out in the streets at any moment."

"Imagine such an Englishman, filled with such ideas gathered from Ralph Connor's fiction, arriving in Winnipeg and starting to walk up from the C. P. R. station to view the city. What would first strike his attention? The multitude of pawnshop windows, in the neighborhood of the station, each full of revolvers, murderous knives and other weapons. When we go to the civilized enough to have laws prohibiting this exposure and unrestricted sale of these instruments of violence and murder."

J. C. S.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2.

J. C. S. might also have mentioned in the closing paragraph of his letter the sensational posters of the theatre north of the subway depicting scenes of brutality and violence which cannot but have an effect upon the minds of the classes of the city's population that stands in need of uplifting influences.

As for his suggestion that the Board of Trade or some other body should take Ralph Connor in hand, none of the bodies he mentions is the proper one to do that.

The Ministerial Association should do it; Rev. Dr. Gordon is an active member of that organization, and could be dealt with more effectively by his fellow-members than by the members of any other merely lay body.

Will the Ministerial Association kindly take this matter up at an early meeting?

Great Sacrifice Sale of Millinery

Having received a late shipment of the latest millinery goods I have decided to put on a sale and all Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats must go at cost so as to clear all out by 1st of February. So now is your chance to get a stylish and up-to-date hat at a cost price, and what would be a more suitable Christmas present than a man to bring his wife a pretty hat? And now is your time, and the place:

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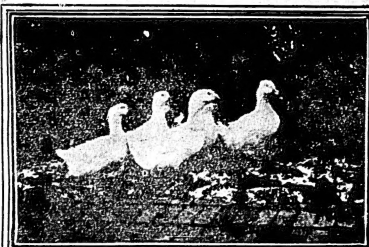
..Notice is hereby Given that an application will be made at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, for an Act transferring all the assets, rights and property of The Great West Permanent Loan and Savings Company within Alberta, to The Great West Permanent Loan Company, being a Company incorporated by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, being Chapter 89 of the Statutes of 1909, also ratifying all acts done pursuant to section 41 of the said Act of Incorporation, and declaring the said latter Company to have been empowered since the 5th day of June, 1909, to exercise within the Province of Alberta, all the powers, rights and privileges provided for in its Act of Incorporation.

Dated at the City of Winnipeg, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1909.

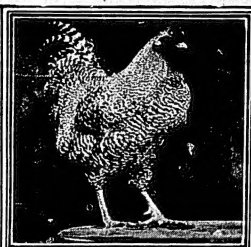
THE GREAT WEST PERMANENT LOAN COMPANY,
Per its Solicitors,
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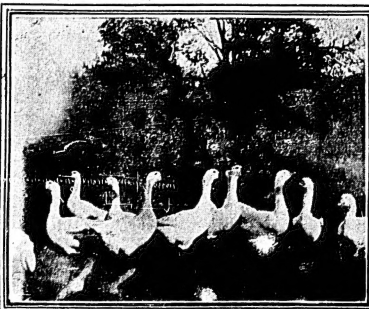
AT THE NEW YORK POULTRY SHOW



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PLYMOUTH ROCK COCK



DORKING CHICKENS, JAPAN & LITTLE CHICKEN, N. Y.



DORKING CHICKENS, COCK TWO YEARS OLD & HEN, KILLICK WINNIE, BRIDGE, CANADA, J. L. ELLWOODS

Residents in the vicinity of Madison Square Gardens, New York, were never more disturbed by political gatherings in that historic building than they are at present during the twenty-first annual exhibition of the New York Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association.

The show this year outclasses that

of any previous year, both in the number of exhibits and in the variety. The Pekin ducks make what almost might be termed a "toothsome" exhibit. The turkeys are equally inviting, but the centre of the whole show is the hen.

There are Dorkings, Plymouth Rocks, Buff Cochins, and hundreds of others, all prize birds, so their owners

Home and Society

Edmonton.

During the coming week the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club makes its first bow to the public, the piece selected being "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," a capital English farce, with a number of clever people in the cast. The place chosen for the production is The Empire Theatre, the attraction to play Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, with a Saturday matinee. The week following on corresponding days, another cast will put on Shakespeare's beautiful drama, "Twelfth Night," when I hear we may expect something very much out of the run of an amateur presentation of the great master. Mr. Nash is the manager of the first piece, and Mr. David Robertson the last named. Now I want to say a word for the Dramatic Club itself. Its object you already know, to study and produce a number of plays each year.

"Amateur plays are a bore," one of my friends urges, "and, if you couldn't bribe me to go to one." Now this may be all very true—sometimes—but then a great many professional engagements have the same fault and lack into the bargain the personal interest element of the former.

In the Edmonton Dramatic Club membership are several seasoned and exceptionally clever amateurs. Mr. David Robertson, who, in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" makes such a deliciously human and familiarly typical country vicar; Mr. Nash, who as Lord Huntworth has a role most eminently suitable to displaying his really first-rate talents; Mrs. Barrow, an amateur actress of so vivacious a charm, her delineation of the slavey Keziah, would alone carry the piece; Mr. Williams, most satisfying of butlers; Miss Dickey, who makes her first appearance; but who acts with the ease and finish of a professional; Mr. Dickey, another amateur, taking his first part, but who will surprise you; and Mr. Larry Manuel, whose spick and span stage appearance and love-making you have seen on certain other occasions.

Amateur talent, in every line, needs all the encouragement that the public can give it, and I commend "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" to you, feeling you will be well pleased with it.

More anon about "Twelfth Night."

The Skating Club are giving a dance in the Separate School Hall this Friday evening, January 14th. Gentlemen's tickets \$2.00; ladies' \$1.

Mrs. Cobbett was the hostess of a pleasant little five o'clocker on Wednesday of last week.

The same evening Miss Crosskill entertained at a bridge of six tables, the fine spacious rooms of this artistic home lending themselves admirably for purposes of this nature. Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Mr. Weaver were the fortunate prize-winners.

After supper some most enjoyable music was rendered. Mrs. Aylwin, Mrs. Bowers, and Miss Macdonald, of Winnipeg, singing delightfully, while Mrs. Crosskill played the accompaniments in so finished and brilliant a manner as to astonish everyone. "Indeed," said one of the guests, "I don't know when I have listened to anyone whose music charmed me more"; and in every way the party seemed one of those happy lucky ones where the guests left reluctantly, and went home to voice again how thoroughly they had enjoyed every moment of it.

To everyone's regret, Mrs. Aylwin is leaving at this week-end to join her husband in Calgary, where he has gone to make his home. Last Wednesday her mother and Miss Crosskill had a good-bye bridge in her honor, and this Friday her friends are again having the opportunity of bidding her a farewell and the best of luck at the tea-hour.

Mrs. Barnes was another of the hostesses of Wednesday of last week, her bridge of six tables on that evening assembling a smart little gathering. The hostess received wearing a most becoming black toilette of rich silk cologne, relieved with handsome jet and lace insertion, her welcome being seconded by the master of the house, the kindest of hosts.

Mrs. Biggar and Mr. Dickens carried off first honors, and Mrs. Borchert and Mr. Frith the consolation prizes. These by the way were no misnomers, being unique enough to challenge honors with the first.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie will receive in future on the fourth Thursday of the

month at her home, 1107 McKay avenue.

Mrs. Frank Smith will not receive on Monday next, as she is busy making preparations for her trip to Honolulu; she and her husband, leaving about the 20th.

Mrs. A. Y. Blain will receive for the first time at her new home, 1142 Victoria avenue, on Thursday next, and afterwards on the first Wednesday of the month.

Mrs. W. C. Inglis will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday afternoons of the coming week, at her residence, 1459 Victoria avenue.

Mrs. Swaisland will receive this Monday afternoon and in future on the first Monday of the month.

Mrs. Belcher gave a dance for her daughters on Thursday evening, notice of which I shall have to hold over until next week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines, who are at present occupying Mrs. T. W. Lines' residence, have leased the late Major Paton's bungalow on Eighth street and expect to move in about three weeks' time.

Mrs. Bert Woods of Calgary, who has been visiting Mrs. Jennings of Thirteenth street, leaves for her home this (Friday) afternoon.

The Women's Press Club of Edmonton met at "Belton Lodge," Mrs. Cautley's residence, on Saturday afternoon, and after a pleasant tea and chat, elected the following officers for the coming year: Mrs. Balmer Watt, president; Mrs. Cautley, vice-president; Miss Seton-Thompson, secretary, and Miss Forsythe, treasurer.

Mrs. Bulyea will receive at Government House on Thursday afternoon next.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Hunt entertained at dinner a few musical friends, those present being: Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Barford, Miss Barford, Captain H. Watts, Miss Violet B. Smith and Miss Beatrice Crawford.

Mrs. Gowan will not receive on Tuesday nor again this season.

The engagement is announced in Ottawa of Miss Frances Christie, daughter of Mrs. Alex. Christie and granddaughter of H. N. Bate, to Herbert J. Symington of Winnipeg, who has been a frequent visitor to Edmonton and has many friends here.

The third dance of the series being given by the "A" Squadron, C.N.R., will be held in the Separate School Hall on Tuesday. Mrs. Belcher will distribute the regimental prizes.

Mrs. Wallace Macdonald is giving a tea on Friday in honor of Mrs. Tighe and the Misses Dickie.

Mrs. Jennings received for the first time since taking up her residence on



A TREE OVER TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Amongst the "sights" offered to the tourist and the devout alike by Damascus is a venerable plane-tree, which, so it is claimed, was planted by the first Mohammedans of the Syrian capital in commemoration of "the praised one's" appearance in their midst. Little wonder, then, that it is famous throughout the world. So far as its age is concerned, it may be well to recall the fact that Mohammed was born in 570, and died in 632. It was in 682 that he accompanied a caravan to Syria; in 695 that he made his second journey to Syria; and in the year of his death that he made his last pilgrimage to Mecca.

"THE TRUTH IS GOOD ENOUGH"

Next Week the Big Stock-taking Sale will come to an end. Have you availed yourself of it?

Everything in the store is selling at a reduced price, so that there is scarcely a thing you cannot save money on in the dress goods, staples, furs, ready-to-wear skirts, costumes and coats, underwear, small goods, shoes; men's and boys' suits and overcoats, underwear and furnishings—all are at large reductions.

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2,000	4.50
5,000	8.50

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39 Howard Avenue, - Edmonton, Alta.

Here and There

Do we, most of us ever stop to think in this fast, hurrying age, whether we are men or women or machines? In the recent years science has performed so many miracles, in many ways far more wonderful than those we read about or even imagined in our earlier days. So that we accept without a thought most of what we see and hear as every day entities not to be considered or wondered at. Whether we are galloping without stopping to think? Whether does it all tend? We put up a fine building, tear it down again and put up another still larger, then tear that down and erect still another in the same place, all in a few years, all in the same place in a frenzied state of haste scarcely stopping to ponder why we do so. Our forefathers allowed their dwellings to remain in the same place for centuries.

We grasp our morning paper, or our evening paper, we scan the headlines, read those, and, if something strikes our attention, read a few lines of the paragraph below, go breathlessly on, gobble up the breakfast and run to the office; probably banging the door behind us, as we go out, right in someone else's face because we haven't time to be civil or polite. The machine's got us. We are wound up like an automobile, always on the go, the crank's turned, the machinery in motion as we leave the breakfast table, so we couldn't possibly stop until we hit the office and flop into the chair, and scan eagerly the morning letters, grab the automatic phone, and go whirling into the day's business. A part is it of the machinery of the world? Only a piece of the mechanism, impelled on; driven by the motor until something in the works gives way; there's a snap, a groan, and all's over. What comes next?

We have concentrated ourselves upon self-defence or aggression, for what? To protect what the machine has collected from the aching bones, the tired marrow, the endless heartache of the poor. Our engines of defence, our Dreadnoughts, the most horrible engines of devastation the world has ever seen or ever imagined are the outcome of patience and toil, the birth of the dreamer's brain, which perhaps started in as the fertile imagination of one working for the good of man, and ended by being pieced together an intricate monster for his destruction in shoals.

Who is it drives us on? Who is it forces us forward; to discover marvels, to construct mechanical appliances the like of which the world never dreamed of, apparently, for the good of man; and then compels us to turn them to devils of destruction, dealing out more cruelty to friend or foe, in a few minutes, than can be repaired in countless ages?

Has man's mechanical ingenuity outrun his sense of proportion, or cannot the souls of the multitude keep pace with the whirl onward of a civilization that is, apparently, going too fast for those at present engaged in it?

We turn to the great fight in Great Britain. On the one side we see the arrayed forces of privilege and tradition, fighting to keep their hold on the humanity beneath them; battling with a wild frenzy for the keeping up of a gigantic armament with which to defeat the aims and objects of another frenzied old aristocracy just across a narrow strip of water. The other party is fighting to get upward, this simply a continuation of the fight of the masses that has been going on for ages; a fight for liberty, a fight for a more equal distribution of this world's goods, while we are alive.

On the other side of the water there is another party also, the plain people; not unfriendly to the other plain people; moving quietly, protesting against the massing of armaments and the expense incurred by their present leaders. The party in England that is fighting in its last ditch, or in one of its last ditches, stirs the public up to coming disaster, tries to scare them into its policy. The same sort of party across the water is watching which will win. Should the plain people win, does it mean peace?

May it not be that the plain people in both countries obtain the upper hand, the much dreaded war may be avoided; the storm calm down, the frenzied hurry abate and a greater calm be inaugurated? Or is it now that the ceaseless whirl and never-ending speeding ahead we cannot stop,

but must of necessity tear each other limb from limb, in order to add the others to our own.

Do we want to stand with one paw on some spoil while we eat the other, as a tiger might do that has killed more prey than he can make use of, yet grudges a brother what he does not want?

We go on whirling through space always at a run, always in the turmoil, seldom stopping to think from dawn until dark and away into the night. Is this a reality, is this living our life to the best advantage, going at such a speed that we suddenly snap and drop by the roadside?

Whether is it tending? To the ultimate benefit of the human race? One writer says: "In the bewildering flux of things we sometimes feel as though its sheltering walls are becoming transparent and its hearthstones as unstable as a will-o'-the-wisp. In the big cities—and they, after all, focus and epitomize our civilization—the public restaurant and the apartment hotel are helping us to forget the meaning of home life. For the sake of the conveniences, the comforts, the luxuries, we are willing to sacrifice the personal equation."

The underlying efforts of the age seem to be to find a higher common denominator for all classes of mankind, and to grow rich by catering to it.

We seldom stop and ponder in regard to the many and great changes that have come over us in even the last 25 years. Forty years ago we were looking in mute wonder at pieces of the Atlantic cable, not even then being able to grasp really what it meant. Now we are told that in a few more weeks we may be able to take a machine out of our pockets and talk to others all over the world. Possibly when all these things are finished, we may not have to move about so much, so the whirl may settle down a bit, or we may do everything so quickly there will be less need for haste.

When Herbert Spencer coined the phrase "The survival of the fittest," it is most probable that even he did not fully realize just its fullest significance, for it is the "fittest," not the best, from our standpoint, that goes on and survives. So it is difficult to find, in many ways discernible to our eyes, that Nature concerns herself with our individual morality, but this we have to take care of ourselves. The whirl of the endless drive may have a purpose, probably has, that is not so apparent; viz.: that of welding the whole human race into one greater whole; destroying acute differences, smoothing out peculiarities so that the human race may be one day one whole, not many; and thus wars, conflicts, and devastation, die out because they will have no reason to be.

Already, in points of dress and in other ways, or in ways of thought, we are getting nearer together. The races of the earth drift about becoming better acquainted, and old land marks, prejudices and barriers are being broken down. Revolutions now are peaceful in comparison to the past. Democracy even in such old places as Turkey, Persia and China, is gaining a foothold, but need we go quite so fast? Possibly we are not to choose in this matter.

It seems to be the same force driving on though differentiated in certain places, with but differences in opinion or differences in creeds. But these are only small factors in the general, onward, pell-mell rush that has seized our times and our era; and in our frenzy for the new the old is rapidly disappearing at a greater rate than ever before. We have to join the flood going by or be swept away. One thing vividly marks our time and that is "speed."

Will the spiritual be lost in the mechanical, or will the next generation be more machine-like and less human? We may doubt it, for as we become more mechanized, do we not become more merciful? And as

we curb the license and greed of individual men we find that the masses are not bending their energies upon war and bloodshed. The greater haste may mean reaching the goal in lesser time, which is devoutly to be wished.
J. C. O.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

As an evidence of what we see in print we call the following for the instruction of our readers:

Wanted—A furnished room by an old lady with electric lights.

Wanted—A room by a young gentleman with both kinds of gas.

Wanted—A room by a young gentleman with double doors.

Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German.

Wanted—Saleslady in corsets and undergarments.

Wanted—Ladies to sew buttons on the second story of Smith & Brown building.

Wanted—A dog by a little boy with pointed ears.

Wanted—A nice young man to run a poolroom out of town.

Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with a reference.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Wanted—An organist and boy to blow same.

Wanted—A boy to be partly inside and partly outside the counter.

Wanted—A room for two young gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad.

Wanted—By respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of child and a sailor.

Wanted—A furnished room by a lady about 16 feet square.

Wanted—A cow by an old lady with crumpled horns.

For Sale—A farm by an old gentleman without outbuildings.

For Sale—A nice parlor by an old lady full of feathers.

For Sale—A piano by a young lady with mahogany legs who is going abroad in a strong iron frame.

For Sale—A nice large dog, will eat anything, very fond of children.

For Sale—A cottage by a gentleman with a bay window.

For Sale—A parlor suite by a lady stuffed with hair.

Lost—A green lady's leather pocketbook.

REMEMBER

It is only during the month of January that we are offering

Special Prices

in our making up Department, and it will not apply to later months.

Just a few gowns left in the ready-to-wear section, which we will close out at about one-third off the usual prices.

THE FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

233 Jasper Avenue West

SPECIAL!

We are offering some of the most up-to-date millinery at prices unusually low, at
The Toronto Millinery Store 143 Jasper W.
MISS M. FARRELL
One door east of Hudson's Bay Co.

HOTEL Martha Washington NEW YORK'S Exclusive Woman's Hotel

29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue
Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Convenient to Subway and cross town car lines.
Centre of Theatre and Shopping District
Rates, \$1.00 and up
European Plan 40 rooms with telephone
Baths free on each floor. FITZROPS
A. W. EAGER



DOLLS

We have a splendid stock of Dressed Dolls and are selling them at low prices.

Dressed Dolls

Most are jointed, some are sleeping dolls, some have natural hair. Dainty Box with each.

15c. to \$15.00

The
K. W. MacKenzie
Co., Ltd.
263 Jasper E. Phone 1427

LADIES' SCHOOL

Miss Geach (late Governess to Lady Hanbury's children) and of great experience in teaching both in England and Canada, will open a school for girls in Edmonton about January 15th.

For further particulars apply:

MISS GEACH,
Care Mrs. Rolfe,
522 16th Street, Edmonton.

The Irish Lunch & Tea Rooms
WELLINGTON BLOCK
BETWEEN 5TH & 6TH STS.
Mrs. Booth, Proprietress

For that Christmas Photograph
Sanderson
762 First Street, - Edmonton.

YOU Cannot Afford

To wear soiled or poorly laundered linen. A man is often judged by his appearance, and clean, well laundered linen is always the hall-mark of a gentleman.

SNOW FLAKE LAUNDRY

NEGLIGEE

COAT SHIRTS

Slip on and off as easy as an old coat—hold their looks longer—launders better—more style and smartness to them.

Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabric.

Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

Makers, Berlin

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the District Court of the District of Edmonton. In the Matter of the Estate of Samuel C. Paton, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Harvey, dated the 29th day of December, 1909, that all persons having any claim or claims against the estate of Samuel C. Paton, late of the city of Edmonton, in the province of Alberta, gentleman, who died on or about the 17th day of November, 1909, are required on or before the 15th day of February, 1910, to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned solicitor for Percy H. Belcher, the administrator of the estate of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their accounts and the nature of the security, if any held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

And notice is hereby further given that after the 15th day of February, 1910, the above named administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties thereto lawfully entitled, having regard only to those claims of which he shall then have had notice, and that he will not be responsible for the said estate or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Edmonton this 29th day of December, A.D. 1909.

J. E. WALLBRIDGE,

Sandison Block, Edmonton.
Solicitor for the above-named administrator.
J. 1, 8, 15.

A Welcome Gift

Boyd's

WJB

CHOCOLATES

WJB. BOYD CANDY CO.

WINNIPEG

The Boston Lunch Counter and Cafe

W. J. CARR, PROPRIETOR

Best Cooking in the City.
Everything Neat and Clean.

Meals 25c, and up.
Tickets worth \$5.50 for \$5.00

Jasper Avenue East
Opposite C.N.R. Ticket Office

Home and Society

Calgary.

Mrs. Gray, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. Mewburn.

Miss Olive Crandell is spending the winter in California.

Dr. J. W. Gunn, who has spent about six weeks in the east, has returned.

A. W. R. Markley left during the week for Ottawa and other eastern points.

Mr. Grogan left for the east this week, and will be absent about a month.

Mrs. Duncan, Regina, is the guest of Mrs. Dodds, Fifth avenue west, for a few days.

Miss E. Ings has returned to Calgary after a sojourn of almost a year in New York.

Miss A. Meyers, who has spent several months in Toronto, returned to the city this week.

Dr. Blow and family are expecting to leave in the near future for California.

Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes and family purpose leaving soon to tour through the south-western States during January and February.

The ladies of St. John's W. A. intend to serve refreshments every Saturday afternoon at the east end rink.

Mrs. J. Smith Hamby, 502 First street west, received on Wednesday January 21, for the first time this season.

Mrs. (Dr.) Taylor, of Winnipeg, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. P. Withraw, 1131 Seventeenth avenue west.

Mrs. Dodds, late of Regina, will receive at her new home, 805 Fifth avenue west, on the second Friday of each month during the season.

Mrs. S. Houston received for the first time this season on Thursday afternoon, January 20, at her home on Eleventh avenue west.

T. J. S. Skinner and two daughters left on Friday for Toronto, where the Misses Skinner will resume their courses at Haverall Ladies' College.

Mrs. H. V. Head, 339 Thirteenth avenue west, will receive each Thursday during January, and afterwards on the first and third Thursday of the month.

Dr. A. M. Scott gave a very interesting and instructive address at the Y.M.C.A. last evening on the subject of "Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony."

Mrs. Bravner entertained Mrs. Lehr, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Stranahan at an afternoon tea Wednesday afternoon.

On Monday night the Five Hundred Club met at Mrs. Deane's. Among those present were: Mrs. Short, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Santon, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Pirie, Mrs. Grogan and Mrs. Turner-Bone.

Mrs. S. S. Dawson, 12 Marlborough Apartments, will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday from 4 to 6. She will receive again the second Wednesday of every month.

Mrs. Krouse, of Eighteenth avenue west entertained the Merry Matrons' Sewing Club Tuesday afternoon. Among the guests were: Mrs. Lehr, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Stranahan, Mrs. L. Weiner, Mrs. Critchley, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Wheeler. Dainty refreshments were served at five o'clock. Mrs. Krouse was assisted by Mrs. Stranahan.

Mrs. A. Pengelly held her post-nuptial reception at her home on Thursday, January 13th, 208 Fourth street west, afternoon and evening.

The Ministerial Association met in the Central Methodist Church on Monday afternoon. A very excellent address was given by Rev. J. Lyca-more on the subject, "Wish Jas. Denney at Northfield."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are making elaborate preparation for their annual ball on Jan.

21st. This is always one of the enjoyable social functions of the year, and a better time than ever before is being anticipated.

Professor Mason held a masquerade ball at Sherman's Hall on Monday night of this week. The music was excellent and the costumes well prepared.

Mrs. Hermann Mewburn entertained at tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of her mother, Mrs. Gray, of Ottawa. Among those present were: Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Harris, Miss Harris, Miss Lilly, Mrs. Lilly, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. Lafferty, Mrs. Scott Dawson, Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. Lavery.

Mrs. Rowley was the gracious hostess of a jolly five hundred on Friday afternoon. After several games had been merrily contested, it was found that Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Pirie, and Mrs. Helliwell had won the pretty prizes. The large cosy room was brightened with clusters of golden chrysanthemums and cheerful fires in the grate. Among the guests were: Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Mucklestone, Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Pirie, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Scott Dawson, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Gray (Ottawa), Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Mucklestone, Madame Talbot, and others.

On Sunday evening after the service the choir of the Central Methodist church presented their leader, Wilbur H. Horner, with a very handsome silver tea service, as a slight token of their respect and esteem for him, and as a mark of appreciation of his faithfulness as a leader and a friend. Rev. G. W. Kerby gave a well-worded congratulatory address to Mr. Horner, and at the same time expressed the choir's good wishes for him, and Mr. Stone made the presentation. Mr. Horner was completely taken by surprise, but ably responded, expressing his gratitude to his friends who had remembered him so kindly. The gift consisted of four pieces, each handsomely engraved with his initials. These rested on a large silver tray, in the centre of which the "clef" was prettily designed.

Mrs. Charles Frederick Adams, 501 Eighteenth avenue west, received on Friday afternoon for the first time since her marriage. The many guests were cleverly ushered into the drawing room by Petite Helen Robinson, where Mrs. Adams, wearing a very becoming blue duchesse satin gown, received with an engaging word of welcome. Mrs. Kerby, in a rich gown of black satin, assisted in receiving, while the Misses Jaynes and Miss Irwin served in the tea room, with Mrs. Van Watt presiding.

The table was very prettily centred with an elaborate bunch of delicate carnations in a crystal vase resting on a handsome linen centre, and together with the other perfect appointments, laden with refreshing viands, made a veritable picture of beauty.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Frederick C. Garbutt, 202 Twelfth avenue west, held her post-nuptial reception.

but looked lovely in a handsome gown of pale green duchesse satin on train. The corsage was prettily trimmed with cream lace and touches of velvet. Mrs. Garbutt received at the entrance of the drawing room and was very assisted by Mrs. Harvey in a rich costume of black taffeta with garniture of white. The pretty cyclamen and other plants in bloom, besides the handsome bouquets of exquisite chrysanthemums, gave added beauty to the cozy reception rooms. In the tea room Mrs. D. McCutcheon presided and Mrs. McWilliams served the ice, each wearing handsome gowns and ministering generously to the needs of the many friends of the bride. The other kind assistants were: Mrs. McKinnon, in a pretty cream costume, and Miss Quarrie in a perfectly fitting green gown; while Miss Eleanor Griffiths, with girlish grace presided at the door.

The reverend dance given in Sherman's hall this week was a very pleasant function. The hall was prettily decorated with red hearts, evergreens, Japanese lanterns and other attractive designs. The music was supplied by Bagley's orchestra, and was excellent. The patronesses of this very successful and delightful affair were: Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, Mrs. John Irwin, Mrs. (Dr.) Dunlop, Mrs. Herbert E. Anderson, and Mrs. Edward N. Harper, who so capably and in such a charming

ing manner were ever-solicitous for the comfort and pleasure of the many guests. To describe the many beautiful gowns would be an utter impossibility, all were so exquisite, but among them were noticed some very striking old rose satin gowns, several pretty cream satin costumes, and many charming silks, all becoming and attractive. A few of the guests were: Mesdames Pengelly, Glass, Lazier, Hamby, Jamieson, Brown, Irwin, Patrick, Oliver, Bennett, Tregillus, Marker, and the Misses Clarke, Boone, Jamieson, Harper, Alexander, McBratney, Tregillus, Cousins, Mans, Keith, Messrs. Patrick, Lindner, Skinner, Stratford, Schedel, Lazier, Harper, Weissgerber, Campbell, Munro, Amase, Hubert, Bradshaw, Turner, Johnson, Thomson, Richards, Chas. Pengelly, Hamby, and many others.

The usual yearly congregational society gathering of the members and adherents of the Central Methodist Church was held last evening in the club rooms. After a few hours' social chat the meeting was called to order and Rev. G. W. Kerby presided, when the following programme was enjoyed by all present:

Piano solo—Master Percy Bennett.
Recitation—Gracie Smith.
Coral duet—Messrs. Watt and Mc Ara.

Vocal Solo—Miss Biggar.
Piano solo—Miss Redmond.
Vocal solo—Mrs. Richards.

Address—Hon. W. H. Cushing.
Mr. Cushing was here in Calgary in the very early days of its history and has watched with pleasure the growth of the church. He is the oldest member (in point of time) and hence was asked by the church board to express to Mr. and Mrs. Kerby the good will and kind feelings that the congregation bear towards them. Not only was this expression of warmth of feeling done verbally, but Mr. Cushing took the opportunity, on behalf of the church board to present Mrs. Kerby with a very handsome silver egg crust, and to Mr. Kerby a gold watch with his initials engraved upon the case.

Mr. Kerby, although much astonished, ably thanked the congregation on behalf of Mrs. Kerby and himself for the tangible evidence of good fellowship. After some other very appropriate remarks had been made, refreshments were served by the ladies and a pleasant evening was brought to a close by singing the National anthem.

The teachers of Victoria school had a pleasant social hour on Thursday, from 4 to 6, in honor of Mr. Dale and Mr. Richardson. For the former it was as a farewell prior to his departure for Vancouver, for the latter, a reception to Mr. Dale's successor. Among those present were: Miss Norton, Miss Sinclair, Miss Henning, Miss J. Clarke, Miss Hall, Miss Rath, Miss Lilla Christie, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Dole and Dr. Scott.

IT'S THE TALK OF THE COUNTRY SIDE

How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Samuel Thompson's Dropsy.

Her's was a terrible case and the Doctors were Powerless to Check it, but the Great Kidney Remedy Cured It.

Holt, Ont., Jan. 10. (Special).—All the countryside about here is talking of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, of this place. She was taken sick with Jaundice, and though the doctor was called in she grew steadily worse. The stomach was so bad she could not keep anything on it. Dropsy set in and she bloated to a terrible size. To her husband would not allow him to do it, saying that if she could not get better they might let her die in peace. Finally she dropped the doctors and tried other medicines, but they did her no good. Her leg burst and the water streamed from it. Then someone told her about Dodd's Kidney Pills and so she asked her husband to get her a box.

After taking them a while she took a bad turn. Something would come up in her throat, and she would vomit. The water would just run from her mouth. But from that time she commenced to get better and today she is a well woman. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Dropsy by putting the kidneys in a position to take the surplus water out of the blood. They always cure it.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Capital Authorized \$5,000,000.
Capital Paid Up \$3,000,000.
Reserve and Undivided Profits \$3,405,001.

Special attention given to

Farmer's Banking Requirements

Sale notes discounted.

Edmonton Branch A. H. DICKINS, Manager

EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS

To prevent danger of imperitities in delivery from the Oven to the Home, insist on your baker wrapping his bread in our wrappers.

We are the originators of Bread Wrappers.

Now used by leading bakers of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and other cities.

The E. B. EDDY Co., Hull, Canada



NOW that we have started on a New Year, everyone is looking forward to it being a red letter one.

The successful man is always well dressed and tailor-made clothes are a necessity for him, as they are the only kind that will show his own character and give him a style, which is up-to-date.

All the employees in our factory are experts in the tailoring business, and as we have the latest and the most up-to-date machinery also a staff of 15 in our workshop, on Second St., we are in a position to look after your business.

All our machines are run by electricity, also we use electric irons.

Our pressing machine which is run by one man is capable of a pressure of 800 lbs, which guarantees that all clothes will be turned out in as perfect condition as possible. Wishing all our customers and friends a prosperous New Year. Yours truly,

HOCKLEY AND CO.

118 Jasper ave., West

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Company

ASK FOR

"Spey Royal" Scotch

Finest, Oldest and Mellowest Procurable.
You make no mistake when you say

"Spey Royal"

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Company

Money to Loan

ON IMPROVED FARM AND CITY PROPERTY
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

National Trust Company, Ltd.

CORNER JASPER AVENUE AND FIRST STREET

A. M. STEWART, Manager Edmonton Branch

PHONE 1961 WHEN YOU REQUIRE JOB PRINTING

RECENT MARRIAGES —OF— INTEREST TO ALBERTA

Spencer—Watts

The Victoria Times contains a lengthy report of the marriage in that city on Dec. 29 of Miss Lillian L. Watts, formerly of Edmonton, to Mr. John W. Spencer, part of which reads: The church had been decorated some days ago in accordance with the custom at Christmastide and these decorations were added to by friends of the bride, with the result that the effect was exceedingly pretty. Holly and chrysanthemums were largely used in the scheme of floral decorations.

To give additional eclat to an event which has been awaited for weeks with keen interest by the young people of the city, a canopy had been erected at the main entrance of the church on Pandora avenue, and the bridal party walked into the building over a fine carpet which had been laid for the occasion.

The bride entered the church promptly at 3 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding, to the strains of the Wedding March, played by the organist, E. Parsons, and leaning on the arm of her father, J. H. Watts, Esq., and carrying a strikingly handsome bouquet, she presented a very pretty appearance. Her costume was of white satin trimmed with real lace. She wore a tulle veil.

Miss Vera Watts, who was maid of honor, wore a white dress trimmed with lace. The bridesmaids were the Misses Sarah and Ada Spencer, sisters of the groom. They wore dresses of old mauve, with white lace overdress, and black hats.

The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. David Spencer, junior. The following acted as ushers: Mr. Herbert Pendray, Victoria; Mr. Geo. Crow, Vancouver; Mr. Bishop, Vancouver; Mr. J. D. S. Spencer, Vancouver; Mr. B. McLeod, Vancouver; and Mr. J. Potts, Vancouver.

The efficient choir of the Metropolitan church, led by Mr. J. M. Morgan, was in attendance in full strength, surplined, and rendered most impressively Burnaby's beautiful anthem, "O Perfect Love."

The interesting ceremony which joined two most popular Victorians in the holy bonds over, they were the recipients of wholesale congratulations from many present and the register having been signed, the party made their way to the carriage in waiting and drove to the home of the bride's parents, corner of Fort Street and Pemberton Road, where a reception, to last from 4 to 6 o'clock is being held.

Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Spencer will leave on the Princess Charlotte for the Mainland on their honeymoon tour. Some time may be spent in visiting friends in Eastern states, and it is intended to tour Europe, returning in about six months, when they will take up residence on Rockland avenue.

The bride is the daughter of J. H. Watts, Esq., who took up his residence in Victoria a few years ago, and though here but a comparatively brief

THE NEW MANHATTAN BRIDGE, NEW YORK



THE BRIDGE AT SOUTH STREET.

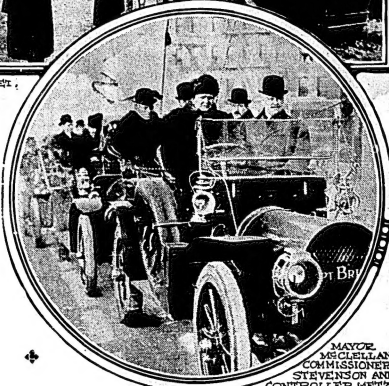
The last, and, in the opinion of many engineers, the finest of New York's East River bridges, the Manhattan, was opened formally by Mayor McClelland on New Year's Day.

Two hours after the former ceremony the bridge was thrown open to vehicle traffic. About two hundred trucks, carriages, and automobiles passed over the bridge before dark, when the bridge was closed again, as a complete equipment of lights had not been installed.

The building of the Manhattan Bridge was authorized January 8, 1900. The estimated cost was \$15,833,600, of which \$9,552,000 was for the structure, \$4,000,000 for land in Manhattan, and the rest for land in Brooklyn. The Brooklyn tower was finished in December, 1902, and the Manhattan tower in March, 1904. The first permanent cable wire was strung

in August, 1908, and the last one in December, 1908. The four cables weigh 6,300 tons and contain 37,888 galvan-

ized acid steel wires. They are 239 feet longer and 2 1/2 ins. thicker than those on the Williamsburg bridge.



MAYOR McCLELLAND, COMMISSIONER STEVENSON AND CONTROLLER METZ.

time she has made a host of friends and is exceedingly popular. The groom is one of the best known young business men in Western Canada, his position as a member of the firm operating great departmental stores bringing him into prominence in the commercial world, particularly in Victoria and Vancouver.

McKelvie-Hibbard

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Winnipeg, on Wednesday, January 5th at 7:30 p.m., when Miss Josephine E. Hibbard, of St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, was united in marriage to Mr. C. W. L. McKelvie, manager of the McPherson Fruit Company, Limited, of Edmonton, Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") performed the nuptials. The bride, who was attired in a smart travelling suit, was given away by Mr. R. R. Scott, secretary-treasurer of the McPherson Fruit Co., Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. McKelvie left for a short wedding tour, and returning will spend some time at the groom's old home in Calgary.

McInnis-Thompson

Regina Spectator: A pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Dr. W. A. Thompson on New Year's Eve, when his sister, Annette, was quietly married to Mr. Miles McInnis, of Vegreville, Alta., the Rev. E. A. Henry officiating.

The bride was becomingly attired in a gown of cream tulle with handsome lace overdress, and wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Her only attendants were her two little nieces, Mary and Beth Thompson, who made very pretty flower girls gowned in white and carrying tiny baskets of lilies of the valley.

The bride was given away by her father and only the immediate friends of the bride and groom were present.

At the conclusion of the ceremony which took place at 8 p.m., dainty refreshments were served and after spending a very enjoyable evening the young couple left for their future home in Vegreville.

WHAT THE PRESS AGENTS SAY

STARLAND

This popular little theatre is holding its own in good style, and has become recognized as being one of the most comfortable and interesting places of amusement in town. Of the three feature films given during the last changes of programme, two were Biograph dramas of the West. The first "The Indian Runner's Romance," was a beautiful story giving us a good idea of the way in which the natives are treated by the white usurper. It commences with a dying Indian imparting to an Indian the location of a secret mine. This information is coveted by

three cowboys, who do all in their power to force the Indian to tell them. At last they abduct his little bride, and gamble as to who shall have her. The winner is overtaken by the Indian runner, and after a fierce bowie-knife conflict on the cowboy's horse, with the squaw slung across the front of the saddle, the abductor is killed, and the happy couple return once more to their wigwam. The scene of "Roulette" is laid in the Yellow Hill mining camp, where a little lady from down East, causes havoc among the hearts of all the miners. Two chums especially are overcome by her charms, and think to decide the matter in a deadly duel. But finally the two friends decide to shake hands and drink the health of the loving couple in true miner fashion. "Henry III," is a fine historical drama. It is the old tale of the King becoming enamored of the wife of one of his nobles, and allowing his heart to rule his head.

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